Immortal Beloved

(Two people climbing, out of breath, KALKIN male and SARARTI female.)
KALKIN: Not far now, Sararti.
(SARARTI gasps as she slips.)
SARARTI: Kalkin!
KALKIN: Got you! Nearly lost you.
SARARTI: We wouldn't want that, yet.
KALKIN: No. Come on, we need to climb a little higher.
SARARTI: Kalkin, will it hurt?
KALKIN: Here we are. Will *what* hurt?
SARARTI: Dying.
KALKIN: I don't know. I've never killed myself before.
SARARTI: It's the first time for me as well.
KALKIN: The fall, those rocks, it should be quick at least. Sararti, I would rather die right now, and be with you for that moment, than let them take you from me. But there's still time. We can climb back down to the city, forget this ever happened, let them come to for when they will.
SARARTI: No. I made up my mind. Let us die together.
KALKIN: Take my hand.
SARARTI: Oh, Gods. Kalkin, I - I don't think I...
KALKIN: Don't look down, Sararti. Look into my eyes. Repeat after me. I, Sararti, of the Green Groves...
SARARTI: I, Sararti, of the Green Groves...
KALKIN: Take thee, Prince Kalkin...
SARARTI: Take thee, Prince Kalkin...
KALKIN: To be my husband.
SARARTI: To be my husband.
KALKIN: In defiance of parents, Gods and men...
SARARTI: In defiance of parents, Gods and...
(TARDIS materialisation sound.)
KALKIN: What in the world...?
SARARTI: Is this part of the ceremony?

(Inside control room of the TARDIS.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, are we there?
THE DOCTOR: Er, well...
LUCIE MILLER: No we're not, are we? You daft ha'p'orth.
THE DOCTOR: Please Lucie, it is *not* an exact science.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, what is it then, if not a science? At least tell me we're closer than Nineteen Seventy-Four.
THE DOCTOR: Well ... Let's have a look outside, shall we?
(Walking.)
LUCIE MILLER: There is air outside, I take it?
(Door opened.)

(Outside, windy.)
LUCIE MILLER: Wow. Look at the sky, it's...
(LUCIE MILLER cries out as she seems to slip.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie. Here, take my hand.
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Thank you so much.
THE DOCTOR: For saving your life again? Don't mention it.
LUCIE MILLER: For parking on the edge of a cliff! What were you thinking?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, the view is marvellous. The air is clean.
LUCIE MILLER: The fall could have killed me. Oh. Hello. Sorry, didn't see you there.
SARARTI: Kalkin, are they...?
KALKIN: I don't know. But I think so, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry to barge in. We're not interrupting anything, are we?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, please - two young people in the middle of nowhere, not a soul for miles around - it's pretty obvious we're interrupting, big time.

KALKIN: I ... I am Prince Kalkin, of Kaleetha.
LUCIE MILLER: A Prince? Oh, fantastic. I am Lucie, of the M Sixty-Two. And this is my bumbling assistant, the Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: How flattering.
SARARTI: Forgive us. When Kalkin and I spoke of defying the Gods, we meant the impostors, not true Divinity.
KALKIN: Are you here to intercede for us?
THE DOCTOR: Intercede? Well, that depends on the situation. Now Lucie, if you're so smart, read the signs. Look at what they're wearing. The finest embroidery, but dusty and frayed at the hems.
SARARTI: Does your companion often speak to himself like that?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, you wouldn't believe.
THE DOCTOR: They climbed this cliff alone, dressed up in their finery, heedless of any damage to their clothes.
LUCIE MILLER: So?
THE DOCTOR: So I'd say it was fairly obvious that they had no intention of going back. Ever.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
THE DOCTOR: This isn't some lovers' tryst on a hillside. This is a one-way trip.
SARARTI: Your manservant is right, Lady Lucie.
KALKIN: We come here to die.
THE DOCTOR: Well then, I shall intercede, to stop you.
(SARARTI sobs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Now look what you've done, you and your Miss Marple routine. Come on love, let's go over here and have a sit-down.
(Moving over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't you listen to the nasty Doctor. I understand. Relationships can be tough, I know, but really, it's not worth topping yourself.
SARARTI: What is this topping?

(Static from radio communicator.)
ARES: (communicator) Tayden? This is Ares. Tayden.
TAYDEN: Tayden reporting.
ARES: (communicator) Situation report.
TAYDEN: I'm nearly at the top. I can see them, but they've got company.
ARES: (communicator) Reinforcements? Revolutionaries?
TAYDEN: I can't tell from here. But I can handle it.
ARES: (communicator) Zeus is angry as hell. I can't leave this to you alone.
TAYDEN: General, please. I can talk them down. There's no need.
ARES: (communicator) He's ordered me to send in a chariot. Just keep them alive until we get there.
TAYDEN: As you wish. Tayden out.

THE DOCTOR: Lucie, don't go too far. You hear me? Oh, charming.
KALKIN: What is the meaning of that gesture?
THE DOCTOR: It means she's in one of her moods.
KALKIN: She is a goddess of anger?
THE DOCTOR: (amused) That's one way of looking at it. Listen, about this...
KALKIN: If you have powers, you must use them. The chariots will be here soon.
THE DOCTOR: Do you want to tell me what this is all about?
KALKIN: Are you not a god? Do you not know everything? Isn't that why you answered our prayers?

LUCIE MILLER: So, your parents don't like your boyfriend, eh?
SARARTI: Oh, it's worse than that. We can never be together.
LUCIE MILLER: But really, the whole jumping off a cliff thing, it's so melodramatic.
SARARTI: Melodramatic? You think this is some kind of...
LUCIE MILLER: Shh, get down.
SARARTI: What is it?
LUCIE MILLER: Looks like a soldier. What's he playing at, climbing the cliff? He'll break his neck.

SARARTI: Oh, it's Tayden, poor fool. They have sent him to talk us round.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, so a friend then.
SARARTI: No. A distraction.
LUCIE MILLER: You really are Little Miss Negative, aren't you?

THE DOCTOR: Kalkin, listen to me. You and Sararti are young. Don't give me that look. I used to get it all the time from my grand-daughter.
KALKIN: You're not old enough to have a grand-daughter.
THE DOCTOR: And you're not old enough to be tired of life. The point is, Kalkin, when you're young, every drama seems like a crisis, everything seems like the end of the world, and it's not. Really, it's not.
KALKIN: But, I...
THE DOCTOR: Believe me Kalkin, I've seen my fair share of worlds ending.

(Walking over.)
TAYDEN: Sararti. I followed you all the way. I climbed the cliff.
SARARTI: Come to talk us out of it, Tayden?
TAYDEN: Yes, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Sararti, that is what friends are for.
TAYDEN: This lady speaks the truth. Sararti, you can't escape your destiny.
SARARTI: I can deny it.
TAYDEN: And serve what purpose?
LUCIE MILLER: Hold on, hold on. What destiny? Oh wait, I get it. Sararti is promised to someone else?
SARARTI: In a manner of speaking, yes.
TAYDEN: Her time approaches. She must obey the wishes of the gods, as must we all.
LUCIE MILLER: These gods being your mum and dad, Sararti?
SARARTI: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, bless! It's like Romeo and Juliet all over.
TAYDEN: Is that good?
LUCIE MILLER: Er - actually, no, come to think of it.

(Sound of helicopter.)
KALKIN: They are coming for us. The chariots of the gods.
THE DOCTOR: Er no, Kalkin, those are helicopters.
KALKIN: Sararti, we are running out of time.
THE DOCTOR: You can't just throw yourselves off the cliff.
KALKIN: Help us, or watch us.
THE DOCTOR: Surely we can talk this over?
KALKIN: Too late. I die.
THE DOCTOR: It's never too late.
(Sounds indicating trying to stop him.)
KALKIN: Let go of me, unless you want to jump too. Sararti, quick.
SARARTI: Time to die. I'm coming, my love.
TAYDEN: Stop. I will not allow it.
LUCIE MILLER: He's right, Sararti, this isn't worth dying for.
SARARTI: It's not worth living for.
(Gun being cocked.)
TAYDEN: Don't move, Sararti.
SARARTI: I'm not scared of a magic staff.
LUCIE MILLER: Magic staff?
SARARTI: So shoot me, then. It's what I want.
LUCIE MILLER: No, don't touch her!
(Struggle.)
TAYDEN: Let go!
LUCIE MILLER: Back off!
TAYDEN: This is no concern of yours.

(Helicopter landing sound and cries of soldiers in distance.)
KALKIN: Doctor, please. It's General Ares. He will take us back to the palace.

THE DOCTOR: Don't be so quick to end your life.
KALKIN: You do not understand.
ARES: Seize them.
THE DOCTOR: Ah! General Ares, just in the nick of...
(Thump.)
THE DOCTOR: No need to be so rough.
ARES: Silence.
KALKIN: Here to do your master's bidding, General Ares?
ARES: As are we all, my prince.
KALKIN: You'll never take me alive.
ARES: I'd say, I already have.
KALKIN: I meant, you won't take me and live, General.
(Gun cocked.)
ARES: Put down the magic wand, Kalkin. Stop being such a stupid...
(Gunshot. ARES cry.)
THE DOCTOR: Kalkin, no, give me that.
(Gun taken.)
THE DOCTOR: What is this, the Planet of Idiots?
KALKIN: There is one less now.
THE DOCTOR: General, can you hear me? General?
(ARES gasp. Running up.)
ARES: I ... hear you.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, what's happened?
THE DOCTOR: Prince Charming here just shot someone.
KALKIN: My name is Prince Kalkin.
SARARTI: Kalkin. You are still alive.
KALKIN: Yes. I failed.
ARES: You ... are a doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Of sorts. Where's the medikit?
ARES: (groans.) I think I am beyond help.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe, maybe not. The medikit, anyone?
LUCIE MILLER: Come on! A bunch of soldiers like you has to have sticking plasters. Antiseptic? Something.
ARES: The Casket of Healing. He seeks the Casket of Healing.
LUCIE MILLER: Whatever. Casket of Healing, quickly.
(Medikit brought over.)
THE DOCTOR: Right Lucie, I'll need the sterile solution.
LUCIE MILLER: The what?
THE DOCTOR: That there. Give me that.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: And the pressure bandage.
LUCIE MILLER: Erm...
THE DOCTOR: The little packet in the corner. N-no, the blue one.
ARES: Doctor, whoever you are, the gods are in your debt.
THE DOCTOR: We can talk about that later. Right now I need to get you stabilised into a hospital.
LUCIE MILLER: Hospital. Come on, guys. Surely you've heard of one of them?
THE DOCTOR: There's not much time. He's losing a lot of blood.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't believe this. Look, where do sick people go to stop being sick?
KALKIN: Charioteers, set course for the Chamber of Incarnation.
(Helicopter whirrs.)

(Gentle whirring of alarm. HERA, a woman in her late 70s.)
HERA: Oh? Oh, honestly.
(Whirring alarm stops.)
HERA: Go away.
ZEUS: (communicator, chuckling) Now, now, petal. What do we say?
HERA: Oh ... I am Hera, goddess of ... whatever I'm goddess of.
ZEUS: (communicator) Ganymede says it must be your wrong side of bed then.
HERA: Does he? Well, he'd know. Look, what do you want?

ZEUS: (communicator) Sweetheart, I ... I wouldn't wake you unless it was important.
HERA: Who's dying?
ZEUS: (communicator) Ares has been shot. Apparently he's critical.
HERA: Can't you handle it?
ZEUS: (communicator) Well, Ganymede has been plying me with wine all night. I fear I may be too woozy to operate the machine.
HERA: Drunk again. That cup bearer of yours certainly lives up to his name.
ZEUS: (communicator) It's your turn anyway.
HERA: All right, all right. I'll be there in ten minutes. I take it both source and target are on their way?
ZEUS: (communicator) They are, but Hera? There's something else. Tayden didn't make much sense on the radio, but it seems we have visitors.
HERA: Visitors?

(Walking in with trolley.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, what exactly is this?
THE DOCTOR: Plasma. Hold it up. Up.
LUCIE MILLER: The needle might come out of his arm.
THE DOCTOR: Let me worry about that. Just keep it up high.
TAYDEN: Make way. Open the Incarnation Chamber.
LUCIE MILLER: And they can heal him in there?
TAYDEN: He'll be made whole once again, yes.

(Static from radio communicator.)
ZEUS: Throne Room, receiving. Where are you, Tayden? (Sigh.) Ganymede, my boy. How does this thing work again?
GANYMEDE: It's the red button for speaking, Lord Zeus. The green for listening.
ZEUS: Of course, yes, yes. Throne Room receiving. Tayden, where are you?
TAYDEN: (communicator) On our way to the Chamber of Incarnation. I think we will be in time. Ares will live.
ZEUS: I know, and we have you to thank for that. I wish my own son were as loyal.
TAYDEN: (communicator) Thank you, sir.
ZEUS: Talking of which, where is that ungrateful little whiner?
TAYDEN: (communicator) In custody, sir. Should be with you imminently.
(Walking in the background starts to be heard.)
ZEUS: I hear them now. Tayden, better go. See you in the next life.
TAYDEN: (communicator) The next life.
ZEUS: Uh-huh. The Prodigal Son returns.
KALKIN: Let go of me. Let me go.
SARARTI: Zeus, please release us.
ZEUS: So you can jump off a cliff? I don't think so.
KALKIN: We are free to take our own lives.
ZEUS: You most certainly are not. Freedom's all very well until someone gets hurt.
KALKIN: We'll never co-operate.
SARARTI: The true gods shall defend us.
ZEUS: The true gods?
SARARTI: See for yourself, Father, in the Chamber of Incarnation.
ZEUS: Really? Well, that's where I'm off to right now to watch your friend Tayden's finest hour. Why couldn't you be more like him?
KALKIN: Murderer. I hate you.
ZEUS: Heard it all before, sonny, a dozen times. Oh, just take them away, will you?
KALKIN: Leave us be!
(Led off.)
SARARTI: You're a monster, Zeus, a monster!
ZEUS: And since they cannot bear to be parted, chain them up on opposing walls. Let's see if that doesn't cool their ardour. Come, Ganymede.
GANYMEDE: My Lord.
(Walking off.)

LUCIE MILLER: The General's lost consciousness.

THE DOCTOR: Time is running out.
LUCIE MILLER: Tayden, what's taking so long?
TAYDEN: This is the Portal of Cleansing. The outer door must close before the inner door will open. We cannot all pass through. Doctor, you must wait here.
THE DOCTOR: Hang on, I'm sure I can squeeze in with you lot if I...
(Machinery operating.)
TAYDEN: Stand back. The outer door is closing.
THE DOCTOR: No, not yet, I'm not inside. Wait. Lucie!
(Knocks on closed door.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie.
(People walking past.)
THE DOCTOR: You - erm, beardy fellow with the boy, can you open this door?
ZEUS: What? The Portal of Cleansing?
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, the Portal of Cleansing, yes, whatever. My friend is inside. Hello?
(Knock on door.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello, can someone ... Please let me in here!
ZEUS: The Portal washes those it admits of bad humours ready for the Chamber of Incarnation.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, fine, so open the door, please. Let me in. Wash off all my bad humours too.
ZEUS: The cycle takes several minutes. You would arrive late for the operation.
THE DOCTOR: But I ... Operation? Did you say operation?
ZEUS: A very complicated one, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Not magical healing or casting out demons? Because if you don't mind my saying so, you're not helping by dressing everything up in such fancy language.
ZEUS: Really?
THE DOCTOR: For instance, what's that in your hand?
ZEUS: This?
(Static from device.)
ZEUS: Oh, it's an ether trumpet, of course.
THE DOCTOR: A walkie-talkie. And as for this Portal, I'm guessing the phrase decontamination chamber means something to you.
ZEUS: My, my, what big words you have.
THE DOCTOR: All the better to know you with, Mister...?
ZEUS: I am Zeus. Lord of the skies, bringer of storms ... and so on.
THE DOCTOR: There's a thing. And your sidekick?
ZEUS: Side...? Oh, you mean the young lad here. Introduce yourself, boy.
GANYMEDE: Well, I am Ganymede, cup-bearer of Lord Zeus.
THE DOCTOR: Zeus? Ganymede? Ares? I must be going crazy. Look, open this door. The General might need help...
ZEUS: Do not concern yourself with General Ares. He will be fine, thanks to you.
THE DOCTOR: You have the facilities to help him?
ZEUS: But of course. Don't let the primitive facade fool you.
THE DOCTOR: Who is it supposed to fool, then?

LUCIE MILLER: Oi Tayden, why are we waiting?
TAYDEN: The sprites are gathering in the air, ready to do their work.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! Fairy lights.
TAYDEN: Close your eyes, Lady Lucie.
(Electronic zapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! What are they doing?
TAYDEN: We are being cleansed.
LUCIE MILLER: What...
TAYDEN: Ready for the Chamber of Incarnation.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - blimey. Your clothes have gone see-through.
TAYDEN: As, my Lady, have yours.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... What?
TAYDEN: It is why we keep our eyes closed.
(Zapping stops. Sound of machinery.)
TAYDEN: It is done. Follow me.
LUCIE MILLER: Portal of Cleansing? Portal of perving, more like.

(Walking out.)

ZEUS: Come, Doctor, there's an observation gallery upstairs.
THE DOCTOR: I'd rather be in the surgery.
ZEUS: By the time the portal opened and closed once more the operation would be over. Come.
THE DOCTOR: Lead the way.
(Walking off.)
ZEUS: Doctor, I must thank you for saving the life of my son Kalkin.
THE DOCTOR: Your son?
ZEUS: It would have been most inconvenient if he'd killed himself. Ganymede here is a little too young as yet to assume the duties of next-in-line. Aren't you, my boy?
GANYMEDE: I shall be sixteen in three moons, Lord Zeus.
THE DOCTOR: So he's Kalkin's brother?
ZEUS: In a manner of speaking.
GANYMEDE: Kalkin is no brother of mine. He has failed his almighty father. He is a coward.
THE DOCTOR: Look, Ganymede ... doesn't it bother you that your brother was ready to take his own life?
GANYMEDE: He was only doing it to annoy Lord Zeus.
ZEUS: Thank you, Ganymede. Would you leave us for a moment?
GANYMEDE: I have offended you. I should not have spoken out against my master's flesh.
ZEUS: Not at all. Your loyalty to me is laudable. I merely wish to discuss matters of a theosophical nature with this gentleman. Wait downstairs until I call you.
GANYMEDE: Yes, Master.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Theosophy! (Laugh.) Surely you mean theophany. Because we're not talking about real gods here, are we? We're talking about the *appearance* of gods. Your heavenly powers are a little too mechanical for my liking, and if I may be so bold, Lord Zeus, your demeanour is not very god-like.
ZEUS: Keep your voice down, lest Ganymede should hear you.
THE DOCTOR: You've got a nice little set-up here, haven't you?
ZEUS: Set-up?
THE DOCTOR: The helicopter, the radios to reach your minions, the arcane language. How long have you been pulling the wool over these people's eyes?

HERA: Bring in the patient, Tayden.
(Trolley wheeled in.)
HERA: Oh Ares, what have they done to you?
TAYDEN: It was Kalkin, Lady Hera. He shot him.
HERA: That boy will be the death of us all.
LUCIE MILLER: He's lost a lot of blood. That's why I gave him plasma. We got him here as fast as we could. Is he going to be all right? Tayden said that...
HERA: Cease jabbering, girl. And tremble in the presence of godhood. You are about to witness a divine act.
LUCIE MILLER: A divine...?
TAYDEN: Come, Lucie. Your job is done. Stand with me and let the Incarnators do their work.
LUCIE MILLER: Let the who do what?

ZEUS: See, Doctor? The view is much better from above.
(Tapping on glass window.)
ZEUS: Hera? Are we ready to go? Good.
THE DOCTOR: That would be the Chamber of Incarnation, yes?
ZEUS: Yes. Isn't it beautiful?
THE DOCTOR: Isn't it illegal?
ZEUS: I am the law-maker, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Not for the rest of the civilised Universe, you're not.
ZEUS: Whatever do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: You can call that a Chamber of Incarnation, you can call it whatever you like, but coming up with a funny name won't make it something that it isn't.
ZEUS: You object to my use of these terms?

THE DOCTOR: I object to your use of an RSK Device, and you know it.
ZEUS: So my son was right.
THE DOCTOR: About what?
ZEUS: He called you a god, but that is because he has no words to explain what you *really* are.

(Regular bleeps of medical instruments.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tayden, bless you, but they're just doctors and nurses. They're not priests or anything.
TAYDEN: You should be careful of heresy, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I've seen it on the telly loads of times. This is the bit where they start saying, "scalpel" and "swab" and "why, Nurse Perkins, with your arms up to their elbows in that man's chest, you look gorgeous."
TAYDEN: Shh!
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. Oh! There's the Doctor up in the gallery. Hiya!
HERA: Silence. I need to concentrate.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, sorry.
HERA: Placing the helmet on Ares.
(Sound of helmet being attached.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tayden, the General was shot in the chest. Why is she putting that thing on his head?
TAYDEN: It's part of the ceremony, Lady Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.

THE DOCTOR: Don't you think your people should be paying more attention to the General's wound? It's in his chest.
ZEUS: The General is dying and you know it.
THE DOCTOR: In which case, Remote Synaptical Kinesis isn't going to help him. (Amused) What are you going to do, transfer...? (Realising) No. You can't be serious.
ZEUS: Yes, Doctor. Ares is dying. We shall move his mind into Tayden's body before that happens.
THE DOCTOR: But you can't just move minds across from one body to another, they have to be...
ZEUS: Genetic duplicates, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Tayden is a clone.
ZEUS: Of course. Thirty years younger, but a copy.
THE DOCTOR: Tayden is a clone of General Ares.
ZEUS: The process wouldn't work otherwise.
THE DOCTOR: But it will wipe his personality. Tayden will cease to exist.

(Medical instruments bleeping.)
HERA: Tayden, it is time.
TAYDEN: Lady Lucie, this is goodbye. I enjoyed meeting you.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Where are you going?
TAYDEN: Lady Hera needs my body.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. And I thought she was after your mind.
TAYDEN: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Your mind. You know. Little joke.
TAYDEN: It is no joking matter, Lucie. My mind, as it now is, is about to die.
LUCIE MILLER: You what?
TAYDEN: I shall put on this other helmet, and Hera will transfer the mind of Ares into my body.
LUCIE MILLER: No. She can't do that. Can she?
HERA: Hurry up, Tayden. We're losing him.
TAYDEN: Yes, Lady Hera.
(Walking over.)

ZEUS: If one is an important deity, it pays to have a spare body or two lying around.
THE DOCTOR: Now I see. Kalkin is not your son at all. Kalkin is your clone.
ZEUS: Yes, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: And Ganymede?
ZEUS: The next in line after Kalkin.

THE DOCTOR: When you wear this body out, you'll just switch your mind into a new one.
ZEUS: Yes, of course. Cloning is easy, but we can't handle accelerated growth. They have to be reared the old-fashioned way.
THE DOCTOR: And what of the mind of the body you invade?
ZEUS: Oh Doctor, come now. It *is* my body.
THE DOCTOR: Kalkin is a human being.
ZEUS: He's my heir, and my spare.
THE DOCTOR: I thought Ganymede was your spare.
ZEUS: He's too young. The synaptic links have yet to cement themselves in his brain. A mind-transfer before the lad's sixteen wouldn't hold. That's why I need Kalkin. Disloyal, whingeing, cowardly Kalkin.
THE DOCTOR: And as Kalkin is to you, Tayden is to Ares.

(Helmet put on.)
HERA: Ready, Tayden?
TAYDEN: Ready.
(Power starts up.)
LUCIE MILLER: Don't do this.
TAYDEN: I was born to do this.
LUCIE MILLER: And now you'll die doing it.
TAYDEN: This body will still live.
LUCIE MILLER: But Tayden the man will be gone forever.
TAYDEN: Oh, Lucie. Nobody lives forever.
LUCIE MILLER: It seems that Ares will.
TAYDEN: You are speaking of my father.
LUCIE MILLER: And your murderer. He'll wipe you like an old video. Doctor? Doctor, can't you stop them?
TAYDEN: Lucie, everything I am is part of Ares. And now it is time for me to yield this body to its rightful owner. Tell Kalkin, I forgive him. Stand back now. It is beginning.
LUCIE MILLER: It's ending. Tayden. You're killing yourself! No!

ZEUS: Your companion seems very animated. Such vigour.
THE DOCTOR: If I'd known I was saving Ares's life just to cause the death of Tayden's mind, I would...
ZEUS: You'd what? You'd have sat there and watch him die? I don't think so. What of your Hippocratic Oath?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not that kind of Doctor.
ZEUS: Really? You pretend to hate me and yet you envy me. I have what everybody wants. Immortality.
THE DOCTOR: This is not immortality. This is perversity.
ZEUS: I see your revulsion. You see me fat and pock-marked. You see an ugly despot swelled with wine, and myriad excesses. I live well, Doctor. I live a life of luxury.
THE DOCTOR: Lord Zeus, if a member of my family were in danger and I were on a world with - forgive me - barbaric technology...
(ZEUS laughs.)
THE DOCTOR: I would gladly donate a kidney or a heart. But I'd draw the line at wiping my mind so that some relative could take over my body.
ZEUS: Tayden went willingly. He knew his place.
THE DOCTOR: How could he? All your talk of gods and fate, it brainwashed him years before he ever put that helmet on.
ZEUS: Enough. To my chambers. We shall talk further in private.
THE DOCTOR: What about Tayden?
ZEUS: What about him? See - it is done.
(Clapping.)
ZEUS: Bravo, my dear Hera. Nicely done.

HERA: Thank you Zeus, darling. There. Another success. Well, make yourself useful, child. Take the helmet off his head.
(Moving over.)
HERA: Carefully. It's valuable.

LUCIE MILLER: Tayden?
(Groan of recovery.)
LUCIE MILLER: Can you hear me?
(Another groan.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tayden?
(The voice of ARES.)
ARES: Always, always, this takes me by surprise. Someone...
(Clicks of straps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Tayden?
ARES: Tayden is gone. I am Ares now.
LUCIE MILLER: (gasp.) You've killed him.
ARES: Kalkin killed him the moment he tried to play the hero on that cliff top. And he shall pay.
HERA: Now, now, Ares.
ARES: Lady Hera, I shall not harm a future body of Zeus, of course. I see you in the gallery, Sire. Long live Zeus. And I mean it too. I hope Zeus lives so long that Kalkin is free from his contract. Then I shall hunt him down.
(Coughing from the original body of ARES.)
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey! He's still alive.
ARES: Ah. My body still has some fight in it yet. Poor thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Reverse the machine. Give Tayden his mind back. They can heal the old you.
ARES: I don't think so. Ah. I rather enjoy being young again. It's been a while.
(Coughing in background from the other body. ARES laugh.)
ARES: We can't have two of me competing for my wife's attentions, can we?
LUCIE MILLER: You wouldn't.
ARES: Has anyone got a knife? I should like to put the old me out of my misery.
LUCIE MILLER: No. You mustn't.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's murder.
(Sound of knife.)
LUCIE MILLER: No!
(Stabbing. Gasp by TAYDEN. Continuous bleep, flat-lining.)

(Door opened. Walking in.)
ZEUS: Ah, good. Ganymede's laid out my supper. Would you like some?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not hungry.
ZEUS: Oh, figs! The dear boy. Thoughtful as ever. So unlike his brother. Kalkin really is an ungrateful brat. He had a wonderful childhood with his foster parents, carefree.
THE DOCTOR: Until his number came up and he got to be your back-up plan.
ZEUS: Mm.
(Eating while speaking.)
ZEUS: Kalkin only has a few more months to serve in his position, and then he's too old anyway. His mind will be too ingrained to wipe. We'll get my next clone in.
THE DOCTOR: Ganymede?
ZEUS: Ganymede.
THE DOCTOR: And Kalkin will be free?
ZEUS: Yes. Free to live a perfectly normal life outside the palace, with a fat pension too.
THE DOCTOR: But for as long as he's the next clone in line, any day could be his last.
ZEUS: Is that not true for everyone, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: You have a heart attack, you meet with an accident, an assassin's knife, maybe.
ZEUS: Oh indeed, and then what? Let me die? I have a thousand years of knowledge, a thousand years of experience. I brought these people to this world.
THE DOCTOR: You were their leader?
ZEUS: Their pilot.
THE DOCTOR: And the people were your crew.
ZEUS: Oh no. So few of the crew are left now.
THE DOCTOR: But those that survive live on as gods, immortal.
ZEUS: Of course. Without us this civilisation would fall apart.
THE DOCTOR: And you stay alive by switching your minds into clones of yourselves.
ZEUS: Yes.

THE DOCTOR: But what about the law of averages? Even with immortality there are loopholes. Accidents; too far from your next clone; power failures; mental illness. Lord Zeus, if I may be so bold...
ZEUS: Nothing has stopped you so far.
THE DOCTOR: There's a reason why RSK machines are illegal all over the civilised galaxy.
ZEUS: Because people get squeamish about clones?
THE DOCTOR: It's not about clones, it's about the machines themselves.
ZEUS: Continue.
THE DOCTOR: Remote Synaptical Kinesis isn't an exact science, it's an art. You can lose things.
ZEUS: I assure you, I am all here.
THE DOCTOR: You're not.
ZEUS: You don't know me.
THE DOCTOR: You don't know you either. With cloning there's sometimes a generational loss, and if the clone is not a perfect match, then the mind will not transfer properly either.
ZEUS: I have long suspected the kids today were a lesser breed. It explains why Kalkin is such an irritation.
THE DOCTOR: It explains why he thinks for himself. Kalkin was smart enough to resist you.
ZEUS: The boy's mad.
THE DOCTOR: Maybe he's the only one around here who's sane. You have no right to destroy his mind, to make way for your own.
(Buzzer.)
ZEUS: Come.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: All right. All right! You know, the boots in trousers thing is so a bad look.
(Door closed. Walking forwards.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Who's your beardy mate? No. He can't be.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, this is Zeus...
ZEUS: Zeus. Lord of the skies, bringer of...
LUCIE MILLER: Kalkin, grown old and fat and ugly. You're Kalkin.
ZEUS: To be more accurate, my dear, Kalkin is me. Or rather, once I occupy his body he will be me. After a few decades of fine living and a ruler's worries.
LUCIE MILLER: Disgusting.
ZEUS: Such a frank way with words, Doctor. Is she yours?
LUCIE MILLER: No. I'm mine.
ZEUS: Then I'll thank you to learn some manners, girl.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh!
ZEUS: Your master and I have some things to discuss.
THE DOCTOR: We do?
ZEUS: You have a vessel?
THE DOCTOR: Well...
ZEUS: Where is it, in orbit?
LUCIE MILLER: In orbit? Of course it isn't...
THE DOCTOR: It is. Of course it is.
ZEUS: And you seem to be a knowledgeable man.
LUCIE MILLER: Pheugh! You try getting him to take you to Blackpool.

(Sound of night birds in background.)
HERA: It's so hot in there, with all that machinery.
ARES: My Lady, listen. The night birds. Just like when we first stepped off the ship oh so many years ago.
HERA: Yes. I remember. You seem to be adjusting well, Ares. How'd you like your new body?
ARES: It feels ... fantastic. Your skill with the Engine of Incantation is superb, as ever.
HERA: Oh Ares, you always were a charmer.
ARES: I'm serious, Lady Hera. This body feels like my own.
HERA: Well, it is.
ARES: Tayden looked after it well.
HERA: He was a good boy.
ARES: If only your clones were as diligent in their duties.
HERA: How right you are. I dread to think what kind of trouble we're going to have with mine.

ARES: No, we should cancel that. Phoebe's next in line, isn't she? She must be sixteen by now, that's old enough.
HERA: Oh, gods, no, I'm not going to be a teenager again, I ... I'll take the one I'm supposed...
(HERA coughs, sighs.)
HERA: And soon, I fear.
ARES: Are you all right?
HERA: No. I'm old. This ... this Doctor. Is he from off-world?
ARES: I'm sure of it. He speaks of concepts and ideas we've not permitted outside the palace in centuries.
HERA: Then perhaps he can help.
ARES: We do not need his help.
HERA: Well, *you* do not now, Ares, not for a few decades.
ARES: But Zeus can do it, Hera. When your time comes, Zeus can operate the machine.
HERA: It's not the workmen, Ares, it's the tools. The machine isn't working like it used to.
ARES: Then we must repair it.
HERA: How? With what?
ARES: is there's no way to obtain the necessary parts?
HERA: If this Doctor has a ship, then there might be.

(Door opened. Walking in.)
ZEUS: Doctor, Lady Lucie, the Incarnation Chamber.
LUCIE MILLER: Seen it already, remember?
THE DOCTOR: It is very impressive nonetheless.
LUCIE MILLER: If you like wiping people's brains.
THE DOCTOR: One may still admire the workmanship, Lucie. This is an antique, an antique to the tenth power. It's a miracle RSK's lasted this long.
LUCIE MILLER: The what?
ZEUS: Remote Synaptical Kinesis.
LUCIE MILLER: Remote Snappsy what?
THE DOCTOR: Incredible. So the source mind goes here, the target mind there, and some poor fool stands in the middle to run things.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, stop acting like this is clever. They're using this machine to kill their own children.
ZEUS: Silence. The child knows nothing. But you, Doctor, despite your obvious distaste for my methods, surely you understand my heartfelt wishes?
THE DOCTOR: To live forever.
ZEUS: To serve my people eternally.
THE DOCTOR: You sacrificed progress itself. Your genes haven't changed at all. There's a reason human life spans are so short.
ZEUS: The dance of DNA? I'm not interested in such base imperatives. Breeding perhaps for entertainment, but I prefer to make an exact copy of myself.
LUCIE MILLER: Warts and all.
ZEUS: It's what every emperor, every Pharaoh, dreamed of.
THE DOCTOR: But if the machine is malfunctioning, the copies aren't perfect. And your whole religion, your whole society, falls apart.
ZEUS: Precisely. Can you fix it?
THE DOCTOR: No.
ZEUS: Why not?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not a mechanic. This needs a complete overhaul. Yeah, the echo cores are damaged. That's losing you whole chunks of memory every transit. The wiring is worn through. And the positronic sump is out of memory metal.
LUCIE MILLER: The human photocopier's run out of toner?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, thank you, Lucie.
ZEUS: But Doctor, I don't need you to fix it, I only need the parts from the replacements. I need you to take me to a suitable supplier, in your vessel.
LUCIE MILLER: Fantastic. A thousand years bigging himself up as God Almighty, and now he wants a lift.
THE DOCTOR: That's all?
ZEUS: That's all.
LUCIE MILLER: There has to be a catch.

ZEUS: Young Lucie is the catch. She's my insurance.
LUCIE MILLER: What's that supposed to mean?

ARES: Other worlds? Lady Hera, such talk is forbidden.
HERA: Of course it is, Ares. *I* forbade it.
ARES: We agreed when we came here this was to be our home. There would be no talk of ... Earth, no talk of science.
HERA: And there was not. And for centuries we few have enjoyed the fruits of such deception.
ARES: We few are getting fewer with each generation. Accidents, suicides, not forgetting those amongst the original crew who refuse cloning.
HERA: Losers. Who remembers them now? Who speaks their name, who mourns them? Nobody.
ARES: (laugh.) Remember when we experimented with transferring our minds into multiple clones simultaneously?
HERA: Oh, yes. Fun for a few weeks, but absolute havoc with the seating at dinner.
ARES: Yes, everyone claiming to be the original.
HERA: Mm. That was when we lost Athena, wasn't it? Oh, she was a bitch anyway, every one of her.
ARES: And Poseidon.
HERA: Oh yes. What ... what was his name now?
ARES: Poseidon.
HERA: No, no, silly, before the whole god-thing.
ARES: Oh. Geoffrey.
HERA: Geoffrey. My mind is going, I'm sure of it.
ARES: You'll be fine.

(Door creaks open, walking in.)
LUCIE MILLER: Zeus! Do you mind? I could have been in my altogether.
ZEUS: I came to see if your room was to your liking.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you, a hotel manager now?
(Door closes.)
ZEUS: You have a very nice view of the garden.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, not bad for a glorified prison cell. Where's the Doctor?
ZEUS: He's got his own room. You ... you're not a couple, are you?
LUCIE MILLER: Heavens, no.
ZEUS: Good. Not that it makes any difference, of course.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you want, Zeus?
(Door opened. Night birds sounding outside.)
ZEUS: We can walk around the garden if you like.
LUCIE MILLER: Bit late for that, ain't it?
ZEUS: You're still not persuaded of my good intentions?
LUCIE MILLER: Kalkin and Sararti are in love. Are you that awful, ready to deny them the chance to be together?
ZEUS: Their love is a wondrous thing.
LUCIE MILLER: Right. So leave them to it. Don't wipe anyone's brain. Those two deserve to be together.
ZEUS: Come here and look at the garden. There's something I want to show you.
(Walking over.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, I've heard that one before.
ZEUS: See, over there, near the pond.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. The new Ares is there talking with that old woman from the chamber.
ZEUS: You know her?
LUCIE MILLER: She was operating the brainwashing clone-swapping machine, all bent-over and horrible.
ZEUS: That's my wife.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sure she has a lovely personality.
ZEUS: She and I have been together since we first came to this planet.
LUCIE MILLER: How nice for you.
ZEUS: Our love for each other lives for ever, for all eternity, just like Kalkin and...
LUCIE MILLER: Sararti. That old woman is Sararti.

ZEUS: Like your Doctor friend, you have it in reverse. One day Sararti will be that old woman.

ARES: Lady Hera, what would you do?
HERA: That is for we remaining gods to decide. This Doctor could take us to get the parts we needed and then return.
ARES: Hera, you can't just leave this world on a ... a shopping trip.
HERA: Why ever not?
ARES: Others would know of our world. They would come. They would ruin our hold on the population.
HERA: Others do not need to know.
ARES: What of the Doctor, and his companion?
HERA: Oh, they do not need to live to tell the...
(HERA sighs.)
ARES: Hera, what is it?
HERA: My chest. Oh no. Oh, not again. I ... I hate it when this happens.
ARES: Breathe deeply. Stay calm. We've been through this before.
HERA: No. No, no.

ZEUS: We've been the perfect couple for a thousand years, so of course it's only natural that Kalkin and Sararti should fall for each other.
LUCIE MILLER: But you want to wipe their souls to make room for yours. I feel ill. Really, you are making me feel ill.
ZEUS: Oh, we've had our ups and downs. We spent a life apart once. And we only have conjugal relations when our bodies are young.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, too much information.
ZEUS: When we age, we often prefer the company of others.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh - I don't even want to go there.
ZEUS: I like you, Lucie. I think you would be an interesting experience.
LUCIE MILLER: Experience?
ZEUS: Your genes are so different, so new.
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry, you're not my type.
ZEUS: Oh, but Kalkin is, isn't he?
LUCIE MILLER: No, I...
ZEUS: I see the look in your eyes when you speak of him. I'll be him soon enough.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, and one day he'll be you again, so the answer's no.
ZEUS: Oh, I'll have you one way or another. With just a lock of your hair, I can make as many Lucies as I want, and do with them as I please.
LUCIE MILLER: You're a monster.
ZEUS: Sticks and stones, pretty one.
THE DOCTOR: That's enough, Zeus.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, Doctor, there you are.
(Walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: I had to climb over three balconies to get here.
ZEUS: Doctor, you were supposed to be resting.
THE DOCTOR: Aren't we all? I thought we were your guests.
ZEUS: Of course you are.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, the garden.
THE DOCTOR: Then what's with the locked doors, and the midnight visit to Lucie's room?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...
ARES: (off) Somebody help me! Guards!
THE DOCTOR: What's going on?
LUCIE MILLER: It's that old woman. She's collapsed.
ZEUS: No. This cannot happen.

(Running over.)
HERA: Zeus? Zeus, are you there?
ZEUS: Stay calm. I've got you.
HERA: I'm dying, my love. Dying, again.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, what is it? What's wrong with her?
THE DOCTOR: At a guess, myocardial infarction.

LUCIE MILLER: In English.
THE DOCTOR: Heart attack, Lucie. Humans only have one heart, so it's perilously easy to bung it up.
LUCIE MILLER: Will she be all right?
THE DOCTOR: No, I don't think she will.
ZEUS: Open the doors. Prepare the Chamber now.
(Doors opened.)

SARARTI: Will you stop staring at me? It's very rude, you know.
(Sounds of chains moving to indicate that they are chained up.)
KALKIN: Leave him alone, Sararti. These guards will not turn away. You must realise that.
SARARTI: Then we must effect our secret plan for escape.
(Walking over, alerted.)
KALKIN: Shh! She is joking, of course. Put down your weapons. Don't antagonise them, Sararti.
SARARTI: I'm sorry, Kalkin. It's just ... that I envy them. These mortals are so lucky. Do they not realise it?
KALKIN: Now you're just being difficult.
SARARTI: Before these events I was just a timid, stupid, weak-willed girl.
KALKIN: No, you weren't.
SARARTI: I went along with everything. I did as I was told - by Zeus, by Hera. Even by you.
KALKIN: Surely you don't mean you didn't want to come with me to the cliffs?
SARARTI: I was frightened. I had doubts. But not now, my love. Now I would choose to do so, I would fight to do so. I would kill.
KALKIN: Careful, my love. You're starting to sound like Hera.
(Door opened. Walking in.)
KALKIN: Hmm. General Ares. Come to gloat, no doubt?
ARES: Unchain them.
(Movement of chains.)
ARES: Get up. Lady Hera is dying. Come, Sararti. It is time.
SARARTI: No!
KALKIN: No, Tayden - Ares. You can't.
ARES: I can, and I will. And you, Kalkin, will come and watch.
(Moved off.)
SARARTI: I won't do it!
KALKIN: Leave her be.
SARARTI: I won't!
KALKIN: Leave her alone!
SARARTI: No! Get off...

(Sound of medical life-support equipment in the background.)
ZEUS: She's fading. Where is the new body? Bring me Sararti.
THE DOCTOR: Zeus, you don't have to do this.
ZEUS: Of course I do. Hera and I are made for each other.
THE DOCTOR: Don't Kalkin and Sararti deserve a chance?
ZEUS: Not if it leaves me without Hera.
THE DOCTOR: Zeus, now is the perfect time for a new beginning.
ZEUS: What good is forever without her?
(Door opened. Walking in.)
SARARTI: Let go of me! No! Don't take me in there!
KALKIN: Zeus, have pity, please.
THE DOCTOR: Zeus, I will do what you ask. Just stop this.
(Medical equipment being connected.)
ZEUS: I will not lose Hera, Doctor. Is the girl ready? Good. Let us begin.
(Machinery starts up.)
SARARTI: My Lord Zeus, please!
KALKIN: You are a dead man, Zeus, a dead man.
ZEUS: I think you shall find I am very much alive.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, the old woman.
(Machinery operating.)
THE DOCTOR: Zeus? It's too late. Hera's dead.

ZEUS: Nearly there.
THE DOCTOR: She's stopped breathing.
ZEUS: Do not distract me.
(Power starts to fade down.)
ZEUS: Oh! Transfer complete.
(SARARTI coughs.)
SARARTI: Oh ... Oh, my head.
KALKIN: Sararti?
(She coughs.)
KALKIN: Sararti, are you all right?
(Coughing.)
SARARTI: Get this thing off my head.
(Helmet unclipped.)
SARARTI: Thank you. Kalkin.
(Walking over.)
KALKIN: Sararti? My darling, how do you feel?
SARARTI: Kalkin. Such a good boy.
KALKIN: No, it can't be!
ZEUS: Hera.
SARARTI: Zeus. My darling. That was close.
KALKIN: Gods, no. You killed Sararti.
SARARTI: Oh, do shut up. Zeus, the sooner you wipe him and get into his body, the better.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor...
SARARTI: Now Zeus, how about coming here and giving me my first kiss?
THE DOCTOR: What is it?
LUCIE MILLER: She recovered from that a bit fast, didn't she?
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: I saw Ares get Tayden's body. He was woozy for several minutes.
THE DOCTOR: Really?
LUCIE MILLER: She's up and about like nothing's happened.
ZEUS: I thought I'd lost you, my darling.
SARARTI: Yes, the old me was in quite a bad way, wasn't she? I suppose I'd better put her out of her misery. Has anyone got a knife?
ARES: Here, Lady Hera.
(Knife pulled out.)
ARES: Use mine.
SARARTI: Thanks, Ares. You're a good boy.
ZEUS: Actually, my darling, I don't think you need to finish her off. Poor thing's already gone.
SARARTI: Hmm. You're so right, Zeus. But the knife isn't for her.
THE DOCTOR: No, Sararti, don't.
(Stabbing. ZEUS gasps.)
SARARTI: That's for Tayden!
(Stabbing. ZEUS gasps.)
SARARTI: And that's for me!
(Stabbing. ZEUS gasps.)
SARARTI: And the ones before me!
(Running, stabbing.)
ARES: Stop her!
(Disarmed.)
SARARTI: I love you, Kalkin! I love you!

(Outside, sounds of night birds.)
LUCIE MILLER: It's the waiting I can't stand.
THE DOCTOR: Patience, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: You're a doctor. You should be helping them.
THE DOCTOR: It's not a complex operation like the brain wiping. There are plenty of doctors here who can fix stab wounds.
LUCIE MILLER: Not like those. She went berserk.
THE DOCTOR: Yes well, she was under a lot of strain. And besides...
LUCIE MILLER: What?

THE DOCTOR: You know, the female of the species...
LUCIE MILLER: Is what?
THE DOCTOR: Is more deadly than the male.
LUCIE MILLER: More deadly? (Laugh.) Shouldn't that be deadlier, Mister Grammar?
THE DOCTOR: Actually, no. Either is acceptable. And leave my Grandma out of this.
LUCIE MILLER: (chuckle.) There's no winning with you, is there?
(Walking over.)
THE DOCTOR: Kalkin.
LUCIE MILLER: Shouldn't you be locked up?
KALKIN: No, Lady Lucie. Not any more. My father and I have ... come to an understanding.
THE DOCTOR: An understanding, that's good. So Zeus is all right, then.
KALKIN: No, Doctor. He is dying. Come with me.
(Walking off.)

(Bleeps of medical instruments.)
GANYMEDE: Y-you cannot die, Lord Zeus.
ZEUS: Fear not, little one. I will not die. I will be reborn in Kalkin.
(Door opened. Walking in.)
GANYMEDE: But it should be me. I want to be the one.
KALKIN: Father, we are here.
GANYMEDE: You! I hate you. You're not worthy of this honour.
KALKIN: Ganymede, I...
GANYMEDE: Shut up!
(Running off.)
GANYMEDE: I won't listen to you. You've ruined my life.
ZEUS: Let him go, poor boy.
(Door closed behind him.)
ZEUS: Now, Doctor. It seems I must place myself in your care after all.
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
KALKIN: The time has come. You must operate the machine. You must save my father's life, and give him my body.
THE DOCTOR: But Kalkin...
KALKIN: Do it, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: It will achieve nothing, Kalkin. Everything you've fought for. Why the sudden change of heart?
KALKIN: Oh, my heart is not changed, but my father has finally found the means to control me.
LUCIE MILLER: Kalkin, have you lost it or something?
THE DOCTOR: Zeus has found some way to twist your arm, hasn't he? Not Sararti - she's ready to die. Not you - you're ready too. It has to be something new, someone outside this warped little family. An outsider. Oh dear.
LUCIE MILLER: Who? Me?
ZEUS: I'm dying, Doctor. I've lost my soul-mate. I've lost everything.
THE DOCTOR: And now you want your revenge.
ZEUS: You will operate the machine. You will save me, or the cloners will get to work.
THE DOCTOR: I will not.
ZEUS: Do it. Or Lucie will die in a new and interesting way every day for a hundred years.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
KALKIN: He'll order them to clone you, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: So what? It - it won't be me.
ZEUS: It won't be you? How swift you are to dismiss the lives of clones, their sufferings.
KALKIN: Doctor, do as he says. I shall not resist.
(Metal door opened. Walking in.)
SARARTI: So it's true. Kalkin, after all we've been through.
KALKIN: He's won, Sararti. Zeus has won.
ZEUS: At last you see the light.
KALKIN: No. I see no light. I have stood my ground and fought a foe I cannot defeat, and now it is over.
THE DOCTOR: Very well, make ready. Turn on the machine.
(Instruments being clipped together.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, no.

KALKIN: Lucie, this was always my sentence. I am to die, but I shall not be responsible for *your* death. You have done nothing wrong.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, surely there must be some other way.
THE DOCTOR: We can't fight our way out alone.
ZEUS: I will live again. I am Zeus, Lord of the Skies, bringer of storms.
(Power build-up, then fades again.)
THE DOCTOR: It's done.
(As helmet and straps are unclipped)
KALKIN: So, this is what it feels like to be Zeus.
(Walking over.)
KALKIN: Ah, Doctor. I apologise for ever doubting you. And Lucie. My dear Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Get away from me.
KALKIN: No kiss for your saviour?
(Slap. KALKIN gasps. Guards prepare weapons.)
KALKIN: No, guards, no. She is young and foolish - as were we all once. But I, Zeus, your King, live on.
THE DOCTOR: Er, the King is dead.
MEN: Long live the King!
THE DOCTOR: No, I meant the King is really dead.
MEN: The King is dead! Long live the King!
LUCIE MILLER: Sararti, we're leaving.
MEN: The King is dead...
SARARTI: What?
LUCIE MILLER: You and me.
MEN: Long live the King...
LUCIE MILLER: Right now, before it's too late.
MEN: The King is dead! Long live the King! The King is dead!

(Climbing outside.)
LUCIE MILLER: Not far now, Sararti. Nearly at the top.
(Grunt of effort, then catching breath.)
LUCIE MILLER: There.
SARARTI: The chariots will catch us soon enough. We should jump now.
LUCIE MILLER: No. Sararti, we're not here to jump. We're leaving.
SARARTI: In the Doctor's blue box? Will it not need his magic to make it work?
LUCIE MILLER: Sararti, we don't need to fly the TARDIS. We only need to crash it.
SARARTI: But Lucie, the Doctor has done Zeus's bidding. Once he's repaired the Incarnation device you will be safe.
LUCIE MILLER: Safe from what? The moment we leave, Zeus will clone me anyway.
SARARTI: So you want to stop the Doctor?
LUCIE MILLER: If we can't leave, the machine can't be repaired. We can't save Kalkin, but we can save everyone who comes after him.
SARARTI: I am ready, Lucie. Let us destroy this TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: They're gaining on us. Run.
(Rushing off.)

(In helicopter.)
KALKIN: I see them up ahead. They're heading for the cliff-top.
THE DOCTOR: Can't this thing go any faster? There's no telling what they'll do.
KALKIN: Obviously my performance was very persuasive, if both the ladies thought I really was my father.
THE DOCTOR: Kalkin, we'd really...
KALKIN: Call me Zeus. I'd better get used to it.

(Helicopter whirrs.)
SARARTI: It's too late. They're between us and the blue box.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, Lucie, stop!
LUCIE MILLER: Get back, or ... we'll jump.
(Rushing over.)
THE DOCTOR: Please, you don't understand.

LUCIE MILLER: No. You're the one who doesn't understand. Or maybe it's just that you don't care any more.
THE DOCTOR: Of course I care.
SARARTI: Stay back, Zeus. You'll never take me!
KALKIN: Sararti, I am not Zeus.
SARARTI: Oh, I only wish it were so.
THE DOCTOR: No, really, it's true. Both of you listen.
KALKIN: I am Kalkin. I am still Kalkin. There was no transfer.
SARARTI: I don't believe you.
KALKIN: Believe it, my love. I am that same Kalkin you agreed to marry up here amongst the very rocks you now stand upon. Zeus is dead, and only we four need know.
LUCIE MILLER: Is that right, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: You know me - I can't even find Blackpool in a TARDIS. It was a very fiddly machine, and I think the toner had gone.
LUCIE MILLER: So Zeus is dead?
THE DOCTOR: Sort of. Zeus's mind is sitting in the memory sump of that machine waiting for a body.
SARARTI: Let him stay there.
KALKIN: Let him rot there.
LUCIE MILLER: But what about the other immortals? What about Ares?
KALKIN: Who is going to argue with me if they think I am Zeus? I am their leader now.
SARARTI: We can be together, Kalkin. Really.
KALKIN: Yes, Sararti. Really. We can be together.
SARARTI: Forever.
KALKIN: No. Not forever. Never forever.
LUCIE MILLER: Say forever and it'll turn you into Zeus and Hera. You'll raise new clones and wipe their brains and you'll end up just like them.
SARARTI: Well, I suppose so. It almost feels like suicide, just having the one life.
THE DOCTOR: It's not. It's a leap of faith.
KALKIN: You were ready to leap from the cliffs with me, to be together for a moment. You were ready to leap from the cliffs again to save yourself from Zeus. Let's make this final leap together.
THE DOCTOR: You can grow old together.
KALKIN: Till death do us part?
SARARTI: Till death us do part.
LUCIE MILLER: And hopefully that's a long, long way away.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, it's time for you and me to leave.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Righto.
THE DOCTOR: Goodbye, Kalkin. Goodbye Sararti.
KALKIN: Goodbye, Doctor, Lucie, and thank you.
SARARTI: You're not coming back, are you?
THE DOCTOR: No. You're on your own now. You have a life together. Don't waste it.

(Inside the TARDIS control room. Door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: At last. Home sweet home.
(Door closed over.)
THE DOCTOR: Time to set course for somewhere nice and relaxing.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm so stupid.
THE DOCTOR: Excuse me?
LUCIE MILLER: I slapped Kalkin really 'ard in that Incarnation Chamber.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, but that wasn't stupid. That slap really helped convince the crowd.
LUCIE MILLER: It *was* stupid, Doctor. I missed out on a snog. Kalkin's really fit.
THE DOCTOR: (laugh) Too late now. Maybe we can come back in a few years. You can work your charms on Ganymede.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
THE DOCTOR: But for now I'm getting us out of here.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm, better hurry up, before they change their mind.
THE DOCTOR: They'll be fine.
LUCIE MILLER: For now. But they're young.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, listen to you.
LUCIE MILLER: There's a temptation, Doctor. Come on, you know it's a temptation. If they learn

how to work that machine, they'll be tempted, even though they know it doesn't work properly.
THE DOCTOR: They have a lifetime to decide.
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. Hopefully just the one.
THE DOCTOR: That's enough for most humans in my experience.
LUCIE MILLER: I bet everyone says that before they get old.
THE DOCTOR: Well, most people.
LUCIE MILLER: Not you?
THE DOCTOR: I'm a special case.
LUCIE MILLER: And am I?
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Will you still need me? (Singing) When I'm sixty-four!
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I don't need you *now*.
LUCIE MILLER: Liar.
THE DOCTOR: You caught me.
(LUCIE MILLER gentle chuckle. TARDIS dematerialisation.)